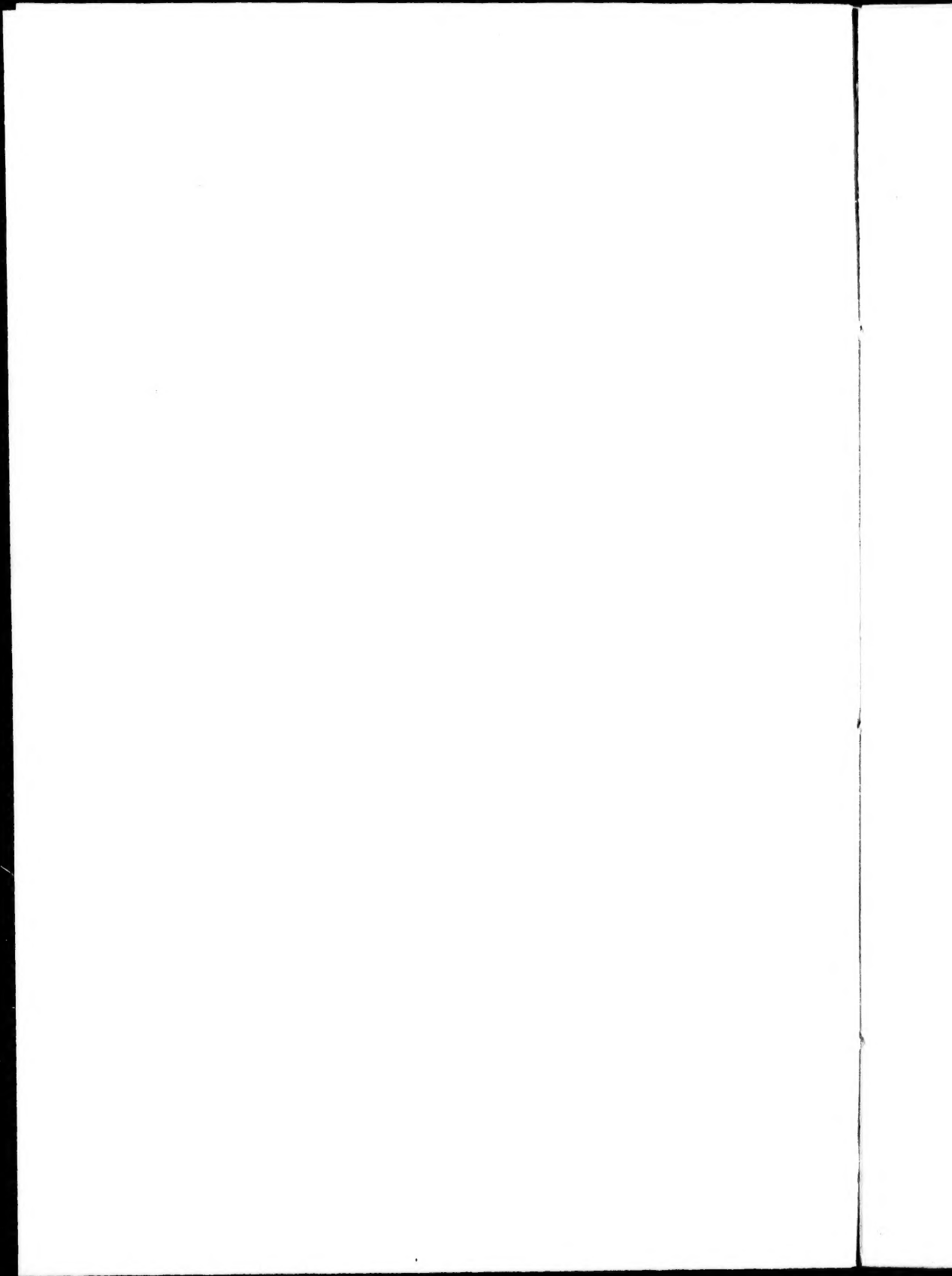




LAMENT

—FOR—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

—BY—

CHAS. TOMLINSON WATERS.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I.

Hark! did you hear that shot?
List! do you hear that cry,
That loud sad wail,
Of women's agony?
Lo! stalwart men turn pale.
Was the leaden bullet fraught
With death? Ah! yes; see, see the wound!
Columbia's sons with horror start;
In wild dismay they gaze around.
A cursed traitor lurked behind,
The great, the mighty, master mind.
The bullet sped—it pierced the brain
Of him, whose truly noble reign
Was brief, yet pregnant with good deeds.
See, see! the illustrious statesman bleeds!
Stained is the brow of the nation's pride,
By the precious crimson tide,
That fatal bullet pierced the Great Republic's heart!

II.

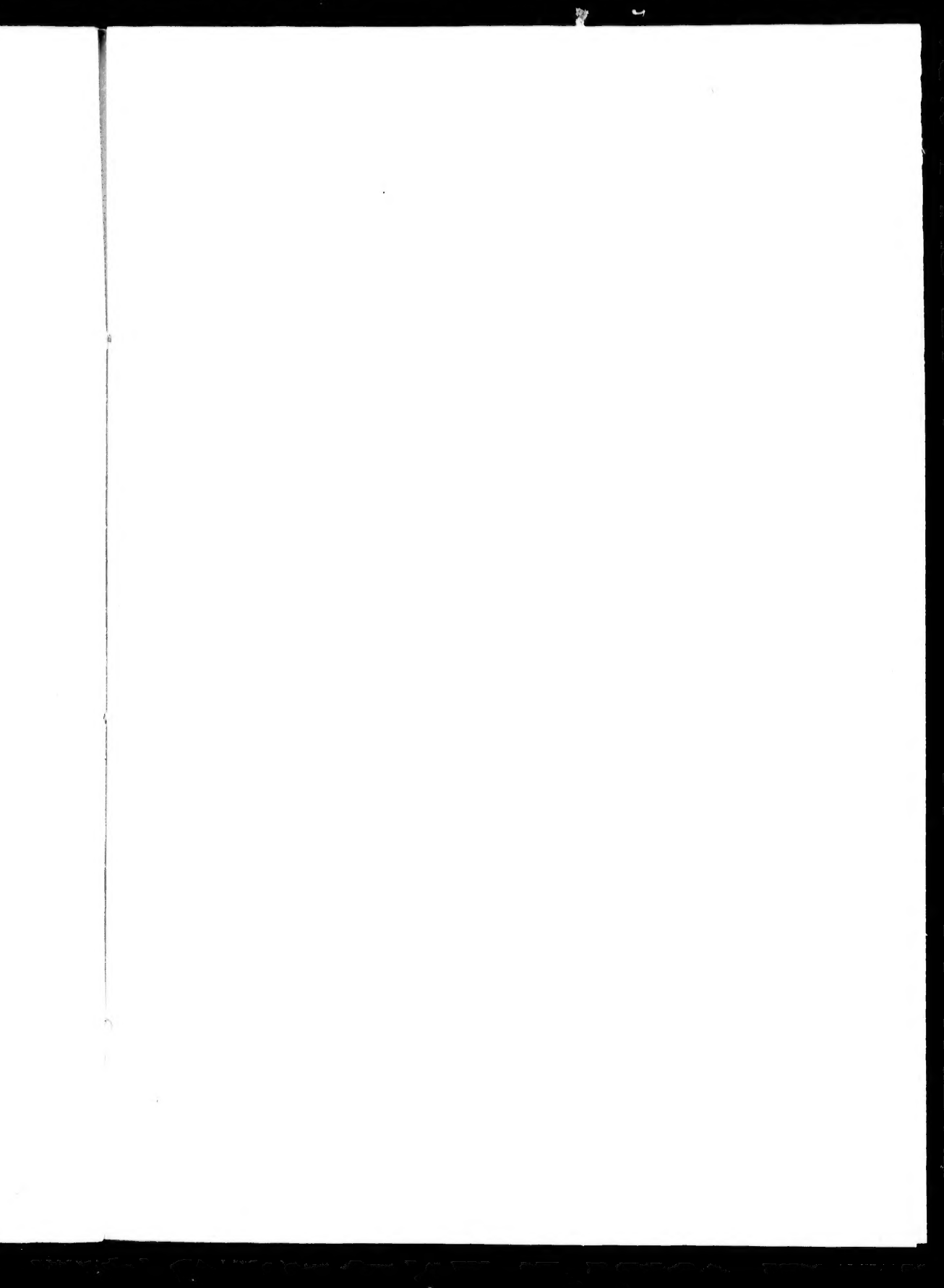
While all stood powerless at the sight,
The assassin rushed towards the stage.
His brow lowered dark like cloud at night;
His eyes flashed fierce with furious rage;
He waved a gleaming knife on high;
“Thus a tyrant dies” he cried!
His voice proclaimed a fiendish lie;
Beneath his blow no tyrant died,
But one whose name shall be engraved
On history's immortal page,
As he who freedom gave the enslaved,
And sought their sorrows to assuage.

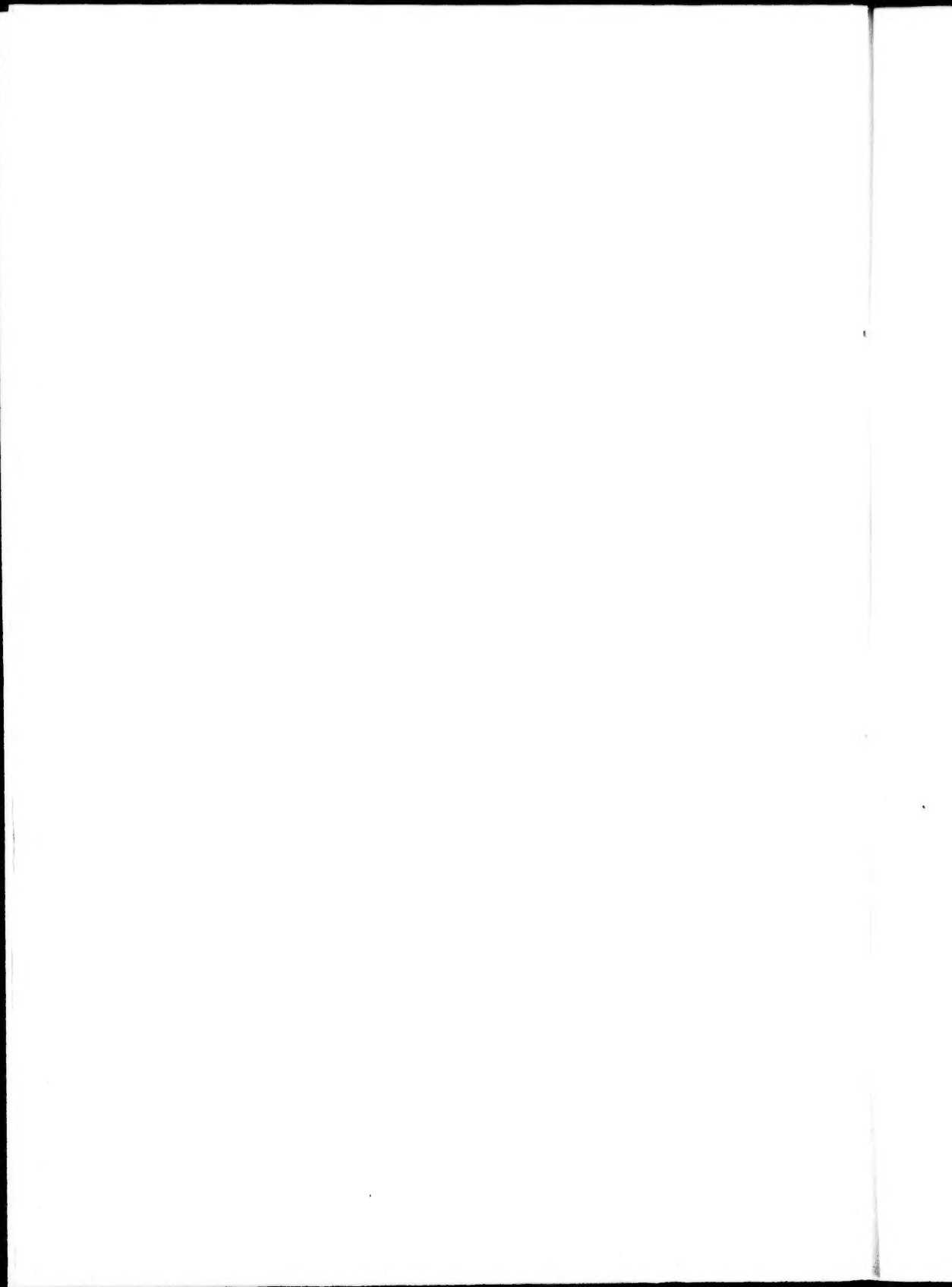
III.

Of plebeian birth, a hardy son of toil,
 His greatest boast was, once he tilled the soil.
 Unwearied energy and sterling worth
 Raised him to rank with Monarchs of the earth.
 No ancestry had he to build upon—
 Those steps on which a king ascends the throne,—
 But by great virtues and his honesty,
 He came to guide a nation's destiny ;
 And well he ruled. Ambition had no part
 In all the throbbings of that noble heart.
 His actions proved he loved his country's weal
 And strove incessant, all her wounds to heal.

IV.

Bowed down by grief,
 Columbia mourns her slaughtered chief.
 Fallen is the great ;
 Fallen is the good ;
 Fallen the chief pillar of the State.
 That assassin's hand hath shed the blood
 Of him whose mandate freedom gave,
 To the down trodden helpless slave ;
 To millions long in bondage vile,
 Who knew but suffering, woe and toil.
 Who dared not cry, for mercy urge,
 When bloodhounds bayed along their tracks.
 Who dared not murmur when the scourge
 Of tyrant masters lashed their backs ;
 Who passed their lives in misery,
 To pander to luxurious lust ;
 Who oft endured the agony
 Of seeing offspring from them thrust
 By cruel hands, for sake of gain.
 Beseeching then was all in vain,
 And curses met the mother's cry ;





And scoffing mocked her tearful eye ;
 When, she would plead, Oh ! master spare,
 To me the children of my love ;
 Their presence drives away despair,
 Oh ! take them not, and God above
 Will mercy shew to thee and thine ;
 Oh ! take them not, I'll ne'er repine,
 E'en tho' I do a double task ;
 From day to day I'll never ask
 For relaxation from my toil ;
 I'll cultivate your cotton soil,
 And never murmur or complain
 Whate'er my hardship or my pain ;
 If you will only spare to me,
 These little ones, I'll cheerful be,
 And for their sakes rejoice even in my slavery.
 In vain the plea was heard with scorn.
 Her darling ones were from her torn,
 And scattered through the Southern land,
 While State-right law strengthened the spoiler's hand.
 But Abraham Lincoln, wise and just,
 Unceasing, at the evil thrust,
 Until he broke the oppressor's chain, [stain.
 And from his country's banner cleansed the damning

V.

Arrayed in garb of woe,
 Columbia's sons and daughters go,
 With a slow and measured tread,
 To gaze on Abraham Lincoln, dead !
 While thousands chant a mournful dirge,
 As through the streets they thronging surge,
 A mighty wave of human life.
 Loud from every church tower bell,
 Is flung abroad a doleful knell,
 Which to the ear doth sadly tell

That he, who by the assassin fell,
 Is done with human strife.
 They cluster round that lifeless form,
 Who living triumphed o'er the storm,
 That swept the land with direst war.
 (He was the nation's guiding star.)
 And when the Hydra's poisonous breath
 Throughout the land was scattering death,
 The tyrant power that long controlled,
 His dauntless justice backward rolled.

VI.

The pageantry of the funeral,
 The solemnity of the burial
 Are past.
 The great republic's heartfelt grief,
 The fond remembrance of her chief
 Will last.
 But thou, Columbia, should'st not mourn.
 Arouse thee from thy state forlorn ;
 Tho' gone, thy Patriot, to that bourne
 From whence none ever may return.
 To do thy duty be thou stern ;
 Fail not to accomplish all his plan.
 To elevate degraded man.
 And know, tho' gone, that meteor bright,
 He left behind a lustrous light,
 Which streaming down the course of time,
 Will be thy nation's guiding ray ;
 And beaming on her onward way,
 Will lead to deeds sublime.

VII.

Arouse, make each assassin feel,
 The edge of thy avenging steel,
 On those who caused the horrid death
 Of captives—pour out fiercest wrath.

But punish not the meek or mild,
 The matron, maiden, or the child ;
 And pardon those, who led along
 By crafty leaders, did the wrong ;
 In blindness dealt their hurtful blows.
 Be lenient : count them not as foes,
 For like as wayward children come
 In haste to the parental dome,
 When night o'ertakes them far from home,
 These seek 'neath Union banners rest.
 Welcome them back ; forgive the past,
 And God will all thine efforts bless ;
 (He loves a people merciful)—
 Will succour thee in thy distress,
 And make thee great ; extend thy rule,
 Where mighty oceans seek in vain,
 To join their waves at Darien.

VIII.

Know thou, when that auspicious hour arrives,
 Europe shall exclaim: Lo! Columbia thrives
 Beyond all precedent! Rome in the day
 Of her magnificence had not greater sway,
 Than thou shalt then. Altho' her rule was vast,
 The greatest portion was a dreary waste
 And tenantless. Not so thy rule shall be,
 Extending East and West, from sea to sea,
 From North to South, through every clime and zone,
 Vast, fertile countries, thy great sway shall own.
 Science shall light its lamp on every coast,
 And art's erected standard be thy boast ;
 Commerce shall spread her sails to seek thy shore,
 And agriculture wrest from earth a store.
 Cities shall rise, as if a magic wand
 Had raised them up, to beautify the land,
And everywhere, throughout its breadth and length,

A dauntless populace shall be thy strength,
And thou shalt be exalted by thy worth,
To rank with mightiest empires on the earth.

IX.

Arrived that most auspicious hour,
Remember Abraham Lincoln's name ;
His noble virtues gave thee power ;
Thy progress shall increase his fame.
And as the tide of time rolls on,
Recalling all that he had done,
The father speaking to his son,
Shall boast of freedom's champion ;
And say he was the only one
Of all thy chiefs, who equalled great George Washington.

